

## Hurricane by Lalyeth

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**Summary:**

Steve comes to Billy's aid following an unfortunate encounter with The Upside Down.

# Hurricane

## Author's Note:

So, this is the start of a series I am writing on Billy and Steve. I hope you all enjoy it, and would love to hear your thoughts. Ps- yep. Took a little artistic license with the songs. They may be a couple years ahead of the timescale. Please forgive me.

He'd lost count of how long he'd been driving. The roads seemed endless, sweeping and winding, encapsulated by rows of shrubbery and tall pines. Tonight, the sky seemed alien. A lurid, dark red. The sun had set hours ago and yet it felt as if it still maintained some kind of ominous presence behind the night sky. Music on, car windows down, wind sweeping through his hair, Steve Harrington had begun to come round to the idea that everything would be OK. This was not the end. Nancy Wheeler was not his destiny, and she was not his end.

The radio blared out into the night, and Steve absorbed himself in it. As he reluctantly headed back towards Hawkins, he lost himself in the music. Guns N' Roses' 'I Used to Love Her' was the current soundtrack to his heartbreak, and honestly, it gave him a great escape from the crushing sensation of impending loneliness. He'd known Nancy had feelings for Jonathan Byers for a long time before it eventually happened. And why wouldn't she? Why would a girl like Nancy stay with someone like him when she had someone like Byers to fall back on? Steve wasn't a sensitive, go-steady type. Too inconsistent. Too insecure. He knew this about himself, and he'd always known this was the only way his relationship with Nancy could end.

*So why does it fucking hurt this much?*

The headlights glared across the road, illuminating the tree-laden lining of country lane. And it wasn't until he spotted the staggering figure on the edge of the walkway that he slammed on, tires squealing to a halt as he peered out before him at the figure making their way along the roadside path, uneven steps. Steve turned the ignition off, got out of the car.

“Hey?” he called out, the glare of the headlights hindering his view. “You OK over there?”

The figure continued trudging on for a couple steps before turning, and at first, it was hard to make out the face in the glaring light. And then Steve realised exactly who he was staring back at.

The figure was bloody faced, a swollen black eye and bloodied nose, face littered with bruises. The man stood before Steve was clad in an open, red shirt and jean jacket, jean pants combo, dirty blonde hair tussled unfashionably.

“Hargrove?”

At first, the other man did not reply.

“What the hell are you doing out here?” Steve asked, closing the car door and taking a step further. And then another step. He wondered why on earth he should care, why he was even bothering.

Steve’s car stereo began to project ‘Rebel Yell’ out into the night, and at first, Billy seemed resistant, backing away.

“What do you want, Harrington?” Billy slurred. He was drunk.

“Nothing,” Steve replied, his expression softening as he looked over the nature of Billy’s injuries. This was the first time he’d spoken to Billy Hargrove since the guy had kicked the shit out of him, and yet, for some godforsaken reason, he felt compelled to ask what had happened. “Jesus, what happened, you been fighting or something?”

“None of your fuckin’ business.”

Steve paused, found himself in an internal conflict of whether or not to hurl a punch at Billy and drive off or offer him a ride. As much as he hated this guy, he knew Hawkins was not usually the sort of town you could stagger around drunk and alone in the middle of the night and live to tell the tale. The gate may have been closed, but there was a sense of unease amongst everyone who knew the truth. Like they were just waiting for another disappearance, another death, another way for the Upside Down to crawl back into their world and start picking people off one by one. Steve wasn’t sure he’d be able to

sleep soundly knowing he'd left this prick out here to be potentially re-purposed into demon chow.

"Look, do you need a ride?"

"No, what are you, some sort of goddamn homo?" Billy sniffed, wiped some of the remaining blood away from his face. "Now why don't you get back in your fancy little car and piss off back to Mommy and Daddy's."

*Then again, would anyone even miss this asshole if he was swallowed up by the Upside Down?* Perhaps he'd be doing the town a personal favour by not helping this guy.

"Suit yourself, Hargrove. I don't know why I even asked," Steve muttered, heading back to his car.

Steve got into his car and closed the door, stepping on. He watched Billy in the rear view for a moment, ignoring the stab of guilt he had begun to feel as he drove on ahead.

He'd been driving for approximately half a minute before the radio cut out into white noise. There was a bizarre sort of interference humming through the radio waves now, and something about it felt strangely familiar.

That's when he heard the cry of pain.

Steve turned the car into reverse, gliding backwards down the country lane and halting to a screech in the location he'd just taken off from. He jumped out of the car and opened the boot, pulling out his nail-laden baseball bat. Steve heard the familiar inhuman wail of something completely from this world as it mingled with Billy's shrieks of horror. He ran towards the figures ahead, and began to swing. Billy scrambled to his feet, bloodied and terrified, whilst Steve swung his bat again, and again, and again, until the last of the Demodogs were dead.

*This isn't happening. The gate is closed. How can this be happening again?*

Steve took a breath, tried to collect his thoughts. He looked to Billy.

“You OK, Hargrove?”

Billy looked stunned, laying in the grass, eyes wide and breathing unsteady.

“Are you hurt?” Steve asked.

Billy looked over himself, realising the gash on his stomach in horror. “Oh shit. One of them got me.”

“It’s OK. You’ll be OK. Come on, get in the car,” Steve breathed, helping Billy to his feet and leading him to the passenger seat.

Steve hit the ignition and the accelerator hard, and as they soared on through the darkness, the radio blared out Guns N’ Roses’ ‘Don’t Cry’.

“Oh shit, oh shit...” Billy muttered, looking over his wound. “What the hell *were* those things?!”

“You don’t want to know. But trust me, you’ll be OK.” Steve rounded a corner, the engine roaring. “It’s not that bad. I’ll take you back to mine and sort you out, alright?”

Billy swallowed, eyes brimming with tears as he nodded. “It hurts.”

They sped on ahead, radio still blaring out into the night. And in this moment, Steve Harrington felt a feeling he thought he’d never experience. He felt sympathy for Billy Hargrove.

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“Where are your parents?” Billy muttered as they made their way into the hall of Steve’s home.

“Out,” Steve replied.

The Harrington residence would have been a ghost house, were it not for the presence of Steve. Steve’s mother, an air hostess, spent roughly ten hours, stretched across the week, at home. His father, an

Investment Banker, spent most of his time at his ‘business address’- an apartment in the heart of Indianapolis. The house was almost always empty with the exception of Steve, a sea of post-it notes from his parents being the only real guidance his parents offered him on a day to day basis. And tonight was no exception.

“I need a fuckin’ cigarette,” Billy murmured, clutching his side as Billy helped him through the hall and out into the yard. The orangey red light of outside glistened against the outdoor pool, and in that moment, Steve remembered Barb. There was no forgetting his home had been the last place she’d been seen. Perhaps that was why, as he helped Billy into one of the sun loungers, he couldn’t help but feel a bizarre pang of protectiveness.

“Don’t move, OK?” Steve instructed. “I’m gonna go get something to sort you out.”

“A light would be helpful, since you’re playing nurse and all.”

Steve retreated to the kitchen, rifling through cupboards until he found a first aid kit. Remembering Billy’s request, he continued rifling until he discovered a cooker lighter buried within the cutlery drawer. He paused, hesitated for a moment, and then headed to the lounge. He opened his parent’s liquor cabinet and pulled out a bottle of his father’s bourbon. He poured Billy a glass -- this was going to hurt, after all – and headed back outside.

“Here,” Steve offered Billy the cooker lighter and then the glass of bourbon. “You’ll probably need that.”

Billy took them wordlessly, a cigarette already dangling from his mouth. He lit it and breathed it in, eyes shut in temporary relief. He downed the bourbon in one go.

“Just do it, Harrington.”

Steve opened the first aid box and searched through it. He began to doubt himself.

“I should have taken you to a hospital,” he admitted.

Billy snorted. “I ain’t going to no fuckin’ hospital. You think I want

them seeing this shit?" He motioned to his face.

Steve wanted to ask. But he knew better. He pulled out a strip of gauze and antiseptic fluid and headed over to the poolside.

"Undo your shirt, Hargrove."

Billy smirked, exhaled a plume of smoke. "What was that, Harrington?" His voice sounded pained, and despite his resilience, Steve could see the agony in his expression.

"I need to see the wound," Steve informed him, matter of fact, blunt.

"Whatever you say, princess." Billy was still smirking as he unbuttoned his partially torn and blood soaked shirt to reveal the full extent of his injuries.

Steve had been right. It wasn't that bad, but bad enough to warrant his help. Billy's stomach was marked from navel to hip bone with a nasty looking set of claw marks, bloodied and deep enough to cause Steve to momentarily recoil at the sight.

"This needs disinfecting and covering straight away," Steve muttered, his hands reaching over to the wound, fingers lightly skimming over the affected area. His mother had been an army brat, and despite his hesitance, he'd heard more than enough stories from both her and his grandpa to know exactly what to do in this situation. He went to work, first, dabbing a cloth with the disinfectant.

"This is gonna sting. That's what I got you the bourbon for."

"Well, shit. If you'd told me before, Harrington. Maybe you could get me another one." Billy flicked the stub of his cigarette in the direction of the pool.

And suddenly Steve felt a little less guilty about pressing the cloth against Billy's fresh cut.

"Oh, fuck!" Billy winced, bit his lip and swallowed. "What's in that, Harrington? Acid?!"

"Don't be such a baby, you want an infection?" Steve muttered,

looking up briefly to view Billy's pained expression, the previous, non-demodog related injuries on his face. He returned his attention to the task at hand, finishing up with the disinfectant and reaching for the gauze.

Billy said nothing, throwing his head back against the deckchair.

Steve had just about finished dressing the wound before he finally gave in and addressed the elephant in the room.

"What happened to you?"

"What *happened* to me? I was hoping *you* coulda answered that for *me*. Indiana have some sorta special breed of fuckin' *coyote*? What the hell were those things?!"

"I mean, your face," Steve said quietly, finally finishing up on Billy, closing the first aid box. "What happened to your face?"

Billy sat up, wincing in pain slightly. He did the bottom of his shirt up quickly.

"None of your—"

"None of my business? I just saved your goddamn life, Hargrove. You don't think you at least owe me an explanation for why you were out there in the first place?"

Billy laughed, bit his lip. And in the glaring spotlights surrounding the poolside, Steve could see his rival's eyes glistening with tears.

"Why the hell do you care, anyway? Why did you come back for me?" Billy murmured.

"Well, unlike you, I'm not a complete asshole. I guess maybe that's why."

Billy was speechless, staring back at Steve now with an expression he'd never seen before. There was an alien sort of vulnerability in Billy's appearance now, and honestly, Steve didn't know what to do with it.



“Look, forget about tonight,” Steve said finally, getting up and heading for the sliding doors. He pulled his car keys out of his pocket. “I’ll drop you off home, OK? Just trust me when I say it’s not safe out tonight and—“

“I don’t wanna go home,” Billy cut him off, eyes wide.

Steve turned around and froze. He knew Billy would not elaborate, and he was beginning to suspect why.

*Do not say it, Harrington, I swear to god, do not...*

“My parents are away. They won’t be back til at least Monday. I mean, if you need somewhere to crash...”

“OK.”

*What?!*

Steve paused momentarily in shock, watched as Billy got up off the sun lounger and headed inside.

“So you gonna get me another bourbon or what, Harrington?”

Steve blinked, tried to comprehend the scenario he had somehow got himself in, before following Billy inside and closing the sliding doors.

Billy had wasted no time in pouring himself what looked to be a triple measure of bourbon as Steve entered the lounge.

“You not having one, *King Steve*?” Billy mocked, heading over to the sofa and flopping down against it. He flicked on the television, MTV’s music flooding through the house as Scorpions’ ‘Rock You Like A Hurricane’ blasted through the speakers.

“Fuck it, why not?” Steve sighed, pouring himself a drink before sitting down at a cautious distance to Billy. He took a swig of his drink and felt a tingling burn from the liquor as it hit his tongue. Shortly afterwards, he began to experience a welcome sense of warm fuzziness. He took another sip.

He watched Billy nodding his head along to the music and palming

his glass around in his hand. And that's when Steve saw it. There was a strange sort of sadness surrounding Billy. A tragic intangibility. Perhaps, he wondered, there had been a time this guy wasn't such a screwed up trash bag?

"You're not gonna tell me why you were out there alone tonight, are you?" Steve said.

Billy turned his attention to Steve, took a swig of his drink. "Why do you wanna know so badly, huh? Since when—ah shit!" Billy cut himself off, folded in on himself in pain, his free hand clutched against his stomach as he moaned in agony.

Steve instinctively jumped to his feet, finding himself sat by Billy's side in seconds.

"Let me see."

Reluctantly, Billy sat back and allowed Steve to look over him.

Steve examined the gauze dressing, realising that, in this moment, he was genuinely concerned for Billy Hargrove's wellbeing. He didn't want him to be pain. He listened to the sound of Billy's pained, rhythmic breathing as he looked over him. His skin practically radiated the brimming anger underneath, his breathes shallow and unsteady. For some godforsaken reason, Steve wished he could comfort Billy.

"You're OK," Steve concluded eventually. "It's gonna hurt like a bitch until it heals. But you'll be OK."

Billy nodded, averting his gaze. "Look, I know we're not friends," he muttered. "But I guess...well I guess I ought to thank you for...you know...saving me, or whatever."

"Don't worry about it." Steve couldn't quite believe what he was hearing. Was Billy Hargrove seriously *thanking him*? "Hey, maybe you could stop being such a douche to repay me?"

"Maybe you should watch your fuckin' mouth," Billy retorted, although his voice remained quiet and soft as he spoke, and Steve noticed his eyes were still glistening with the threat of tears.

“Billy,” Steve whispered. “Who did that to your face?”

A rogue tear finally relinquished itself and fell down Billy’s cheek.

“My dad.”

The tears fell one after the other, and soon Billy’s blank, haunted expression contorted to one of hurt. Steve didn’t even think before he put his arms around him, pulling him close. He held Billy in his arms, hand running over his back to soothe him. And to Steve’s surprise, Billy didn’t pull back. He leaned in, head against Steve’s shoulder as he sobbed quietly.